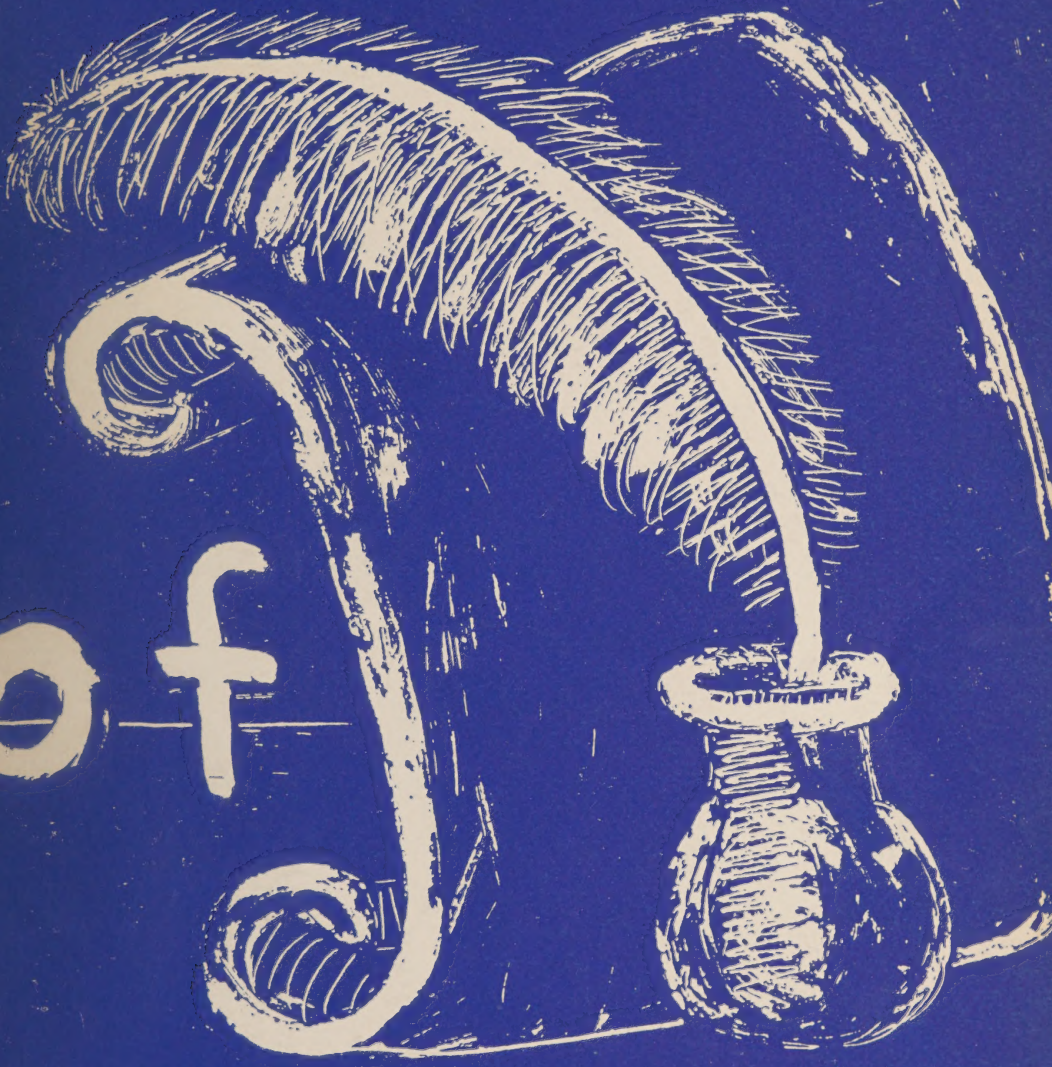
Voices of PEACE



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Contents

		PAGE
The Road of Life	Jane Dickie	2
Winter's Wind	Charlie Richardson	2
Come To Me	Bunnie Ricks	3
The Sunset	Marcelene Wadford	3
Midnight Alarm	Jo West	4
A Dog's Bark	Pattie Trower	5
Remember	Peggy Green	5
Good Morning	Suzanne Alford	6
The Goose Hunt	Jo West	7
Introduction to Night		8
Forgotten	Peggy Green	8
Prose	Johnsy Beaman	9
Prose	Sally Townsend	9
Prose	Barbara MacLain	10
If Forgetting Be	Mary Lois Jester	10
Leaves and Moss	Mary Frances Toadvine	11
Fall Leaves	Jane Dickie	11
Night	Nan Farmer	12
Bless Their Hearts	Bunnie Ricks	12
A Perfect Night	Charlie Richardson	13
By the Sea	Lois Waldrop	13
The Smell of Power	Pattie Trower	14
Winter Wind	Mary Bettis Bouknight	14
Evening Shadows	Bunnie Ricks	14

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The Road of Life

When the road of life gets bumpy
and the traveling gets too hard
I always sit down by the way
and have a talk with God.

I tell Him of my troubles
as I walk the narrow road,
How many times I falter
with a cruel and unjust load!

And then His answer comes to me
in words so sweet and dear,
"If you will travel the road of faith,
the way would be more clear."

And so I start along the way
with hope and faith adoring.
What if I have to stop again?
He'll surely help me on.

JANE DICKIE

Winter's Wind

The wind makes many different and unusual noises, but to me the sound of the wind on a cold and stormy winter's night is the most unusual. While sitting in front of a cozy fire, I hear the sound of the wind as it whips and clashes against the house. At times it seems as though I hear someone calling me, but it is only the wind, screaming as though in agony. It becomes so violent that it swirls through the trees and strips the leaves from their branches, and tosses them over the earth. Woe be to the person out in a night like this, for a winter's wind cares not for anything. It isn't a wind of gentleness, but a wind of fury—cold, dark, and dreary.

CHARLIE RICHARDSON

Come To Me

I've told my heart all about you,
Although we have never met,
Someday, somewhere you will find me,
And neither of us will ever forget.

But when will you come to me?
When will we really meet?
I realize you are but a dream,
Will my wishes ever be complete?

Although you do not know me,
—Although I know not you,
Perhaps your heart too is yearning,
—As mine shall always be.

My heart and I have made you up,
And both of us agree,
That we will wait forever,
For you to find my heart and me.

BUNNIE RICKS

The Sunset

From where I sat silent in my room I could see the sun beginning to lower among the gray clouds. It looked like a crimson ball of fire, sending beams of red and golden light through the sky. As the sun set, it left behind gold and lead-colored clouds, piling higher and higher into the sky. Anyone could look at a sight like that and be happy.

MARCELENE WADFORD

Midnight Alarm

The night was still and quiet except for the rustling of the dripping leaves upon the trees and the gentle noise of water running in the old fountain outside my window. Of course there was the clanging bell and noise of an "occasional" train, but after a month at Peace College I scarcely notice them. The hall was quiet and everyone was sleeping peacefully except me—I lay in bed counting sheep, hoping to fall asleep.

Suddenly I heard a bell ringing—a bell that didn't sound like the regular train bells; but before I had time to figure out just what the persistent gong was, my roommate had jumped out of bed yelling, "Get up! Getup! There goes the fire gong!"

I was out of my bed in a hurry and groping around on the floor for my shoes and socks. I pulled them on, grabbed up my coat and a towel, and joined the other girls on the hall who were also putting on their coats as they hurried toward the fire escape.

Just as we were ready to descend the fire escape, someone noticed that the girls in the corner room were missing. Our fire captain ran to their room where she found them sound asleep. They didn't sleep any longer, for she had them out of bed and on their way down the fire escape before they knew what was happening.

The trip down the fire escape at night was much different from the practice trips we had made during the day. Everyone was quiet and tense; only the sound of feet hurrying down the iron steps and the gentle thud that was made when one dropped from the last step of the ladder to the ground could be heard.

When we reached the ground, shivering from cold and excitement, we quickly made our way to the place to which we had been assigned. Nearly everyone was looking at the buildings to see whether there really was a fire. How relieved we were to find out that it was only a midnight drill!

We waited outside until all the girls had come out of the buildings and then we climbed back up the fire escape to our rooms.

As soon as we reached our hall the noise began. Everyone of us wanted to talk at once and tell one another just how we had felt when we heard the alarm. It was a new and exciting experience for some of us, for it was our first participation in an "unexpected fire drill."

I am sure I shall long remember my first midnight fire drill at Peace.

Jo West

A Dog's Bark

Some folks say that when a lone dog's bark is heard loud and clear on a windy night, his master soon will die. Others tell of times when dogs have huddled near their masters' graves, guarding them jealously lest anyone come near, and refusing all food and drink. I have heard many a dog's excited, joyful bark when he sees his master approach. And I have heard a dog's hurt yelp when he is punished by the one he loves.

A dog can, in my humble estimation, voice any emotion merely by the tone of his bark or whine—be it hurtful, joyful, mournful, anxious, excited or demanding.

PATTIE TROWER

Remember

If along the wayward years,
Two strange paths should meet—
Some place in a distant town,
On a casual street—

—Smile, if you can still recall
That once there was a spring
When we loved each other best
—Pause . . . . remembering.

But if I am just a face,
Dearest, don't pretend,
—For I am wise enough to know,
—That even love can end.

PEGGY GREEN

Good Morning

I wake up. Is it morning?
I look for a streak of light,
Then I start my yawning.
How I wish that it were night.

I lightly spring from the top deck,
Of my double decker-bed.
I find that I have a stiff neck,
And my poor feet feel like lead.

I wander to the mirror,
And what do you think I see?
As my vision grows clearer,
Surely this isn't me!

After a search I finally find
The clothes I want to wear.
I polish my shoes 'till they shine,
And neatly comb my hair.

Now I'm ready for breakfast.
My bed, for once, is straight as it can be
I think I have enough strength to eat,
Till I get my morning cof—fy.

Suddenly the door opens wide,
In comes my proctor, Jill.
I could skin somebody's hide;
It was just a fire drill!

SUZANNE ALFORD

The Goose Hunt

A cold wind blew across the field and down into the ditch where we were crouching, awaiting the flocks of geese which often come into the fields in the late afternoon to feed. The sky was gray, and the air was filled with a promise of snow. We sat shivering in the ditch, my cousins and I, clapping our hands and stomping our feet occasionally to warm them. Our faces were red with the cold, and the sharp wind brought tears to our eyes.

Every few minutes Steve would stand up and scan the sky toward the river for any signs of geese. It was gradually growing darker and colder, but I tried not to let my teeth chatter, for I had begged quite a while to be allowed to come on one of these hunts. All of a sudden we heard the honk of a goose which seemed to be just several cuts away, and we became motionless. Again we heard the call and Dave whispered that maybe the flock had circled and come in from behind us. The honking continued at intervals, and we decided to crawl across the field and get in the ditch near the cut where we believed the geese to be feeding.

Dave led the way, crawling slowly over the frozen ruts and rows in the field. I came next and Steve followed me. I had only come along to "observe," so I was carrying the ammunition. With a box of shells in each hand I made my way painfully over the frozen ground. I was in danger of being knocked in the head by Dave's gun, which he had unloaded and was carrying in one hand, and Steve was urging me to hurry from the rear. After what seemed miles of crawling we reached the ditch where we could then walk half-standing up, and we made our way over to the next cut where the call of the geese could clearly be heard.

We found a nice deep spot in the ditch which was protected by a clump of dead briar bushes, and we loaded the guns and got all set to fire before we dared look out in the field in order to locate the geese. We could hear the calls growing louder now, and with guns ready to go, Dave and Steve eased their heads to a level with the top of the ditch.

I saw their faces go blank with amazement as they looked first at the field and then at each other. That was too much for me, and I had to look, too. I quietly crept up to the edge of the ditch and peeped over . . . not a goose could I see! The hanks and cries could still be heard and they sounded as though they were right over by the ditch

on the opposite side of the cut. Dave and Steve laid down their guns and reached for the boxes of shells. They unloaded the guns and carefully put the shells back in the cartons, with disappointment written in every line of their faces. I was bewildered and asked why we didn't crawl down the ditch and around to the other side of the cut. Then came the explanation: over in the opposite ditch were several hunters who were calling with their goose honkers in hopes of bringing the geese into their cut. How disappointed I was, after crawling and waiting in the cold, to be deceived by some fancy hunters!

We gathered our equipment, walked across the field in the quickly deepening dusk, and made our way home with empty slings, as the first few snowflakes fell.

Jo West

Introductionto Night

All is busy—the sun is pulling rays of various hues in for the night, and tucking them out of sight. Dusk is settling everywhere—gloomy, sad. Blue and pink tufted clouds are sinking away as softly as a whisper. They are clearing the stage for the arrival of "Grand Night." The stars are being arranged for the glorious occasion, although the unseen stagehand has not yet turned on the lights. There is a faint bit of orange in an odd half-shape, which nearer the time for the show, lights up—a gay smiling face—the spotlight.

I have waited twelve hours for this show and the falling rays from the clock say it is nearing the arrival of "Grand Night."

Forgotten?

Have I forgotten you, you ask?
I don't think so, my dear.
I cannot walk on certain streets
For fear you will appear.

And when a juke box plays
An old last summer's song,
No matter where I go, for days,
I take the tune along.

And someone on a crowded street,
May so resemble you
My heart expands with tenderness
And breaks in two.

Peggy Green

A once majestic castle loomed up before us from out of the gathering dusk. We stopped and stood staring at the crumpled walls and falling towers. A large moat, which brave soldiers once guarded, now was despairingly dry; and the draw-bridge had fallen, never again to rise. The moon cast a ghostly yellow shadow over the barren ruins where death seemed to have stilled even the gentle winds. Slowly we passed on, leaving behind us the forlorn sand-castle, remnants of a child's play, standing deserted by all but a blanket of stars and the lashing waves.

Sally Townsend

As I watched the parade in front of me I saw him. He seemed to stand out from all the rest. Why? He had on the same blue uniform, the same black stripe down each pants leg, the same black "Sam-Brown" across his shoulders, the "Hard" hat cocked on one side of his head—all just like the rest, no taller, really no better looking, but still he stood out to me. Perhaps it was the blondish-red hair, the freckles across his nose, the tall straight figure, the small waist, the nice straight nose, the broad shoulders, the strong firm chin; perhaps the shape of his lips—or was it his deep blue eyes, that I always remember?

Johnsy Beaman

As I walked down the street today, there was a small white-haired lady coming towards me. As she drew closer, I observed that she had unusually soft hair curling toward her face. Her hair fairly made a tiny cap covering her head. The kind blue eyes had a twinkling in them as if she knew a secret so great that she wanted to tell it to everyone she met. At the corners of her eyes were fine wrinkles often called laughing wrinkles. In her younger years I imagine she had been the center of attention at most parties, always laughing and dancing. She spoke as she passed, and the silvery tone of her voice reminded me of a little bell tinkling. Her words seemed to flow from her bow-like mouth, so carefully painted a delicate shade of pink. After she passed on by me I turned to watch her walk down the street. Her graceful, even step belied her years; and as I continued on my way, I could picture her swirling around a dance floor in some handsome boy's arms as I imagined she did years ago.

Barbara MacLain

If Forgetting Be

My friends might say I could forget
Perhaps I could, and even yet,
Forget the things we've said and done
The parties, late hours and all the fun.

Forget your hair, your eyes, your smile
Forget your lips, your voice, your style
Oh, if forgetting be remembering the times we've spent
And all the things we've said and meant

To forget your kiss and that look on your face
As if to say I only shared your embrace
Forget the way you danced and then
Forget the times you've kissed me when
All time, all thoughts have stopped

Then if these things are forgetting
Oh, my darling, I could forget.

Mary Lois Jester

Leaves and Moss

The day was warm and beautiful as Mary sat dreaming by the rippling brook. She touched the moss that grew in the shade on the sloping bank. How like a fresh pillow this moss was—all soft, fluffy, smooth, and clean. It was a beautiful deep green, adding beauty to the tall grass surrounding it. The wind blew gently, hurling several leaves to the ground. Mary studied them carefully for a few minutes. She noticed how different these leaves were in the summer—all smooth and satiny like fine green silk. In the fall she knew that they would become brightly shaded and crumbly. The light began to fade as Mary left the running brook and hurried home to dream of beds of moss and silken gowns of green leaves.

Mary Frances Toadvine

Fall Leaves

Fall leaves, brown and withered
Remains of a summer's glorious green,
Brown yards with them covered
All has changed, has lost its sheen.

No more sunshine shining brightly
—No more laughter heard so clear
Only fall leaves dancing lightly
—As the wind blows, cold and near.

—But there're bonfires, burning brightly
Cheeks a-glowing with the fun
—And the fall leaves dancing sprightily
—Telling us that winter's come.

Winter's come to have its showing
Thanksgiving, sleigh rides jingling bells
—All is not dead, more is coming
Here are the fall leaves first to tell.

Jane Dickie

Night

The most lonesome sound in the world is the sound of a train whistle—low, moaning, sad. Sometimes when I hear it, its lonesome cry seems to be echoed in my heart. Often I wonder who is on the train, where they are going, and whether they are happy. In the summertime the whistle sounds more mournful. When I lie in my bed at night, and hear the wailing sound, it seems as if all the sad sounds of the world are in the cry. It makes me feel that I should cry too for something, but I don't know what. Sometime when I hear the whistle, I want to go with the train to a place I have never seen. I want to ride on its swaying cars and rhythm-clacking wheels, but above all I want to know why a train whistle sounds so sad.

Nan Farmer

Bless Their Hearts!

A deafening ring sounded in my ears. In a sleepy daze I reached out on both sides of my bed, trying to find an alarm clock. I felt all around on the floor as far as possible (without getting out of bed), but the ringing continued. In a groggy stupor, I crawled out of bed and went in search of the noise. I knew it wasn't the rising bell or a fire drill, because it was still dark outside, and nobody else was up. Finally, I found the light switch; the light nearly blinded me. Then I saw, there were four alarm clocks jumping from the floor. All were set for three o'clock (A.M.!). Ah, those precious suite-mates of ours were up to tricks again. After turning the alarms off and crawling back in bed, I glanced over at my roommate; she slept on.

Bunnie Ricks

A Perfect Night

There is no sound more pleasant to my ear than that of a strong wind. To be safe inside, sitting in a cozy armchair by an open fire, listening to the lonesome, dreary sound of the wind causes me to dream of far away lands and people. Its whistling sound as it moves around the corner of the house makes me appreciate the warmth and comfort which is mine within my home. The rustling of the trees and the blackness of the bleak night force shivers up and down my spine, for I can imagine some poor person walking for miles in such a cold wind. As the wind hits the window panes with its great force, they begin to rattle. Twigs from the branches of trees fall on the roof with a thumping sound, as if some human being were actually walking on the top. On just such a night I find mystery books most enjoyable, but the warmth and softness of my bed is the most welcome of all things. Lulled by the musical sound of the wind as it becomes more gentle, I am soon lost in slumber.

Charlie Richardson

By The Sea

It is night and there is an almost sacred hush along the beach broken only by the sound of the lapping of waves against the shore. Behind the sand dunes, the full moon rises slowly, and quietly the stars appear, as if God is pulling away the black curtain of night. Then a soft breeze moves the tall, slender grass in a gentle motion as if afraid it might be harmed. Off in the distance the lights of a near-by tavern can be seen and distantly a ship's horn wails away into the night. Everywhere there is a serene calmness and night has cast her spell over the earth.

Lois Waldrop

The Smell of Power

The village stands as a lonely sentinel guarding the harbor, beyond which lies the sea. I have seen this lonely village and I have loved it. Perhaps when I am older, and my mind is not as quick as I say it is now, I shall forget the cliffs and rocks, but never shall I forget the nostalgic, prevailing brackish smell of ocean water and docks. The resounding, pounding, ever-advancing, ever-aggressive scraping and breaking against the shore give forth a smell of strength and unfailing power, a smell that I shall never forget.

Pattie Trower

Winter Wind

A little old woman stood at the window of her old colonial home in which she had lived for many years. She could hear the winter's wind blowing furiously, and it took her back to her childhood when she used to go horseback riding with the wind blowing against her face and chapping it. But now she could only stand there and hear the wind whistling through the trees and blowing the dry leaves in all directions about the yard. Now and then the windows would rattle and she could feel the cold air coming in. This little old lady, in spite of all of her misfortunes, was glad that the winter had come, bringing its ferocious wind that spoke to her in a voice of splendor and charm.

Mary Bettis Bouknight

Evening Shadows

The sun is slowly sinking, a vivid blaze of vermilion and orange. The black desolate trees are silhouetted against the scarlet sky. The pigeons are cooing on the porch roof. The sky is now turning to a lavender blue, and the lights from the city are beginning to blink on. Evening shadows steal across the sky; another weary day is through.

Bunnie Ricks